

Making Friends by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Steve hasn't made any friends in his fandom, Billy tries to help.

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“Have you tried starting up a conversation yourself with any of them?” Billy asks seriously, biting his bottom lip to hide his smile as Steve glowers up at him.

“How, how am I supposed to do that Billy?” Steve talks with his hands when he is worked up, he goes from still and soft to flailing in no time, hand bumping into Billy’s chest and arm as he expresses his disgruntlement over the question.

“With your thumbs probably, since you usually use the app on your phone.” Billy cannot hide the smile this time, wide and teasing as he grins down at Steve’s look of utter horror.

“I couldn't possibly.”

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Billy is minding his own business reading Widdershins when Steve flops onto the couch head landing in Billy's lap as he sighs dramatically. Billy drops his arm from the back of the couch, fingers carding through Steve's hair and asks "What's wrong bambi?" Only half paying attention focusing on the last few paragraphs of the chapter he is on.

Steve turns his face, pressing into Billy's bare stomach as he starts mumbling against his abs. It is a little distracting but not enough to tear Billy away from his reading. He just makes appropriate agreeable noises until he finishes up the chapter. Billy awkwardly uses his mouth to place the little scrap of paper he has been using as a bookmark on the last page he read before closing it and dropping it onto the little end table next to the couch.

"Alright walnut you ready to actually talk about it?" Billy asks, shifting Steve so that his face is not pressed into his stomach, hands firm and unmoving when Steve tries to go back.

Steve pouts up at him but Billy is unfazed just waits him out. Steve huffs hot air against Billy's stomach and it makes his abs dance with a shiver. Billy's thumbs stroke gently at his collar bones and Steve gives a little defeated sigh before shifting to his back. Billy leaves one hand gently resting against Steve's collar bone thumb still moving and slides his other hand through Steve's hair again, fingertips scrubbing at his scalp.

"I just feel so alone." Steve says pout deepening and Billy feels concern well up in him.

“Baby I’m always here for you, you aren’t alone, you’re never alone.” Billy’s chest is tight as he tries to think of things to cheer Steve up to make him feel better. Steve gets real sad sometimes and he has not been showing any of the usual markers Billy looks for that let him know Steve is depressed but maybe he missed something.

Steve blinks up at him for a few moments, brow pinched in confusion before his face softens, going sad and apologetic as he lifts a hand to cup Billy’s cheek. “Shit sunshine, no I’m, I’m okay I meant in my fandom, I just, I haven’t made any friends is all and I don’t know how to start.”

Billy feels the knot in his chest loosen a little as he turns his head and presses a kiss against Steve’s palm. “And that’s making you sad?”

“A little yeah but not like that, I’m not depressed right now, I’m okay.” Steve reassures as he leans up, hand sliding into Billy’s curls and pulling him down for a soft kiss.

“You let me know if that changes.” Billy requests as he pulls back just enough to rub their noses together.

“Yeah, I’ll try.” Billy knows that is as much as he can expect of Steve, that sometimes Steve cannot get the words out to tell him when it is getting bad.

“That’s all I ask.” Billy peppers kisses all across Steve’s face until he is giggling, Billy’s head tickling as it drags across his skin. When Steve is smiling widely, panting a little and pink cheeked Billy finally lets him settle with his head back in his lap. “Have you tried starting up a conversation yourself with any of them?” Billy asks seriously, biting his bottom lip to hide his smile as Steve glowers up at him.

“How, how am I supposed to do that Billy?” Steve talks with his hands when he is worked up, he goes from still and soft to flailing in

no time, hand bumping into Billy's chest and arm as he expresses his disgruntlement over the question.

"With your thumbs probably, since you usually use the app on your phone." Billy cannot hide the smile this time, wide and teasing as he grins down at Steve's look of utter horror.

"I couldn't possibly." Steve exclaims, clutching at his chest like they sometimes do on the telenovelas Steve watches that Billy pretends to hate but he is pretty sure Steve knows how much he likes sitting there having it explained to him, Steve just gets so into it and he finds it very cute. I'm just going to make a vague post about it." Steve says fishing his phone out of his pocket as Billy puts the television on, playing with Steve's hair while he types something on his phone.

A few minutes later Steve lets out a sad little sigh that makes Billy's chest hurt, he hates when Steve is any kind of sad. Steve drops his phone to the couch curling on his side as he steals the remote and Billy just lets him as he hatches a plan to help Steve out.

Later that night Billy makes a post of his own, he does not really do much social media these days, just posts sweaty workout photos and tags Steve when he wants his attention before going silent again but he is hoping to help Steve make some online friends.

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"BILLY!" Steve shouts as he comes into the house after work sounding, well Billy wants to label it as excited, it is what he is expecting, but it does not quite fit.

"In here buttercup." Billy hollers from the spare bedroom that has become Billy's home gym.

“What did you do!” That definitely is not excitement, Billy finishes his last rep before dropping the weight as Steve comes into view, pink faced.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about, going to have to be a little more specific.” Billy is pretty sure he knows what this is about but if Steve knows about it that means it worked so he is confused by the negative reaction. It must be something else, Billy tries to think of anything he has done lately that might make Steve upset that he does not already know about and comes up empty. Billy tries to get a hand on Steve when he gets close to the bench but he dances away putting distance between them.

“I keep getting dms from people telling me my boyfriend Billy said to message me!” So it is about that, that is what Steve wanted though, he wanted people to talk to him, too afraid to start up conversations on his own.

“You wanted people to talk to you, I got people to talk to you.” Billy does not get what the problem is.

“People in my fandoms about our shared love for it, people I follow or who follow me. Not creepy strangers who keep talking about what they would do to me if I wanted, well most of them are if I wanted, others are very concerning. What did you post?” Steve is waving his phone in Billy’s face frantically and Billy catches his wrist and drags him into his lap, arm going iron tight around Steve’s waist as his other hand catches the phone and he looks through the messages. They are all varying degrees of sexual and Billy’s grip tightens angrily on both Steve and the phone, concerning is putting it mildly in Billy’s eyes he wants to fucking kill some of them.

“What did you post?” Steve asks again, mouth turned down in a frown but he has stopped trying to get away from Billy, instead twisting and curling to rest his forehead against the crook of Billy’s neck huffing out a breath of hot air against Billy sweat slick collar bone.

“Nothing that justifies these perverts.” Billy hisses as he drops Steve’s phone on the bench, arm going a little tighter on Steve as he bends back to grab his phone from the little stand nearby. He rights them back to upright, phone in hand as he uses his thumb to unlock it and pull up the post.

“Oh my god Billy!” Steve shouts, snatching Billy’s phone. “ *Nothing that justifies these perverts .*” Steve mocks “for fucks sake Billy.”

Billy pouts it is not that bad, he could have chosen a picture that made Steve look less appealing. The picture he took last night is one Billy has maybe glanced at a few times today, too tempting a view not to. Steve asleep on his stomach, mouth slightly parted, hair splayed on a pillow, sheet low on his hips, showing just a hint of fleshy globes and a fresh hickey Billy worked into his skin. It is enticing but milder than some of the pics Billy has posted before, there is no outline of Steve’s dick, Billy knows Steve would throw a fit if he posted a picture of him like that again. Billy did it once, one where Steve was all fucked out and sloppy, dick half hard again, under something silky. Steve had been less than pleased and Billy had learned his lesson, he did not like spending a month begging for forgiveness just because Dustin had somehow seen the picture.

Underneath the picture Billy wrote a short message and left a link to find Steve, he definitely does not see the problem and says as much with a huff. “It’s not that bad.”

“Oh my god, do you honestly not see what this looks like?” Steve asks, making a face he usually saves for the kids’ stupider ideas and Billy pouts.

“I’ve posted worse pictures of you.” Billy reluctantly reminds and Steve purses his lips the way he always does when the *incident* is brought up.

“Sunflower, it’s not just the picture, it’s the whole thing together.” Billy frowns reading over what he wrote, it is simple to the point ‘My pretty boy wants to make some new *friends*, go say hello’ followed by an emoji and the link, Billy still does not get it.

“If you hadn’t put friends in italics and used a winky face it might have come off less appealing to perverts.” Steve points out and yeah okay when Billy gives it another read over, putting emphasis on friends the way he had maybe was sending the wrong message. He can see how that along with the titillating picture might be seen as an invitation to perv on his boyfriend. “I think a picture of me wearing clothes might have been a better choice as well or you know no picture at all.”

“I was just trying to help.” Billy reminds curling both arms around Steve’s waist as he peppers his chin and neck with apology kisses.

“I know sunflower,” Billy knows he is being patronized, Steve lays the tone on thick but he does not really care because Steve does not sound pissy and annoyed now, he even lets Billy catch his mouth when he tips his head up.

Things are slowly heating up, Steve shifting in Billy’s lap to straddle him, bringing their hips together as they make out. The heated bubble bursts as Steve’s phone starts vibrating on the bench with a new onslaught of direct messages and Steve breaks away from Billy’s mouth groaning. “You have to delete that post, right now!” Billy grumbles like he has a problem with doing that, his real problem is Steve grimacing as he reads through his messages. Billy scoops his phone up off the bench where he let it fall in favor of getting both hands on Steve.

“I am deleting it right now” Billy smacks the phone out of Steve’s hand as a dick pops up on his screen. “Maybe stay off of social media until I can fix it.” Billy offers Steve an apologetic smile. “You can gush about your faves to me.”

“You’re going to regret that when I wake you up at three am to talk about some other man’s fictional cock.” Steve says sucking his teeth before twisting and trying to grab his phone from the floor. Billy’s arms going vise tight as he stands before he can get ahold of it, Steve’s knees locking securely on his hips the way they always do when Billy suddenly stands while Steve is in his lap.

“You won’t have time to think about fictional cock if I wear you out before bed.” Billy insists, as he carries a laughing Steve up to their bedroom.

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“Billy” Billy hears Steve call his name whisper soft, makes a noise of acknowledgement as he tries to bury deeper into his pillow, only for a long pointy finger to start jabbing him in the ribs and another soft call of “Billy.” Billy huffs blinking his eyes at the little side table clock and groaning when he sees it is four twenty three in the morning.

“Baby, I love you, you know I love you but if you don’t stop poking me I’m going to murder you.” Billy grumbles out, shifting away from that persistent finger and dragging the blankets up in hopes Steve will not try again.

“Yeah okay.” Steve says with a disbelieving snort far too awake for Billy and pokes him again, managing to find just the right spot despite the blanket to make Billy jerk as it tickles even under the thick blanket.

Billy growls and rolls his body over on top of Steve, pinning him down and pressing his face into Steve’s neck. “Funny this doesn’t feel like death.” Steve teases hands sliding under the blankets but instead of more poking he just rubs over Billy’s back.

“Shut up, it’s a slow death for you, going to slowly crush you under my weight.” Billy grumbles, shoving his hands under Steve to curl over his shoulders as he gets comfortable.

“Very scary, it sounds super effective.” Steve teases with more soft laughter and Billy just huffs into his neck and gives a nip fondly annoyed. “Since I have you here awake, you ready to hear about those fictional cocks?”

“Sure walnut hit me.” Billy mumbles tiredly with every intention of going back to sleep right here, probably drool down Steve’ neck a little while he is at it. Steve starts talking and Billy is only half listening but he starts tuning in a little more intently as Steve start talking sexual positions for his two favorites to fuck in.

“I just don’t know if it would work like, no not work, I mean it theoretically would work but I’m having a hard time figuring out how to write it out, like how to describe their positions, I’m just not sure what is in my head would in fact be how it plays out and I’m just hung up on it, it’s so dumb” Steve says with a pout and Billy knows he is not paying much attention, in his own head, has not noticed Billy’s cock steadily hardening but Steve does notice when Billy grinds his hips down, Steve gasping fingers digging into the flesh of Billy’s back.

“I could help you out with that.” Billy offers, kissing at Steve’s neck much more awake now as Steve’s dick starts rising with interest below him.

“Help me out with what?” Steve asks blinking at Billy when he leans up pulling his hands from under Steve to brace himself as he stares down at his confused boyfriend.

“With the position.” Billy says laughing when Steve continues to look confused for half a minute before his brain catches up.

"Oh, oh yes, yes that would be excellent." Steve grins widely dragging Billy down for a hard kiss.

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Billy decides after several nights of helping Steve figure sex positions out for his fanfiction that he really does not mind Steve waking him at odd hours to talk out his stories, especially since it almost always leads to them getting off. He has plans to take a nap when he gets done putting the groceries away though because as much as he actually enjoys those ass o'clock in the morning wake up calls they are leaving him a little more tired. Billy knows Steve is already home, figures he can drag him up to bed for a nap with him, an excuse to get some extra cuddle time in, that he knows Steve will indulge him in.

Billy's plans abruptly change when he gets home and finds Steve crying in the living room, he quickly dumps the groceries on the kitchen table and flops down on the ground behind Steve bundling him up into his arms. "I got you baby, did something happen? Do you want to talk about it? What can I do?" Billy rapid fire questions rubbing at Steve's back.

He knows Steve was going back on his account today to post a story for the first time in a week after spending several hours that first night blocking all of the people who sent him sketchy messages because of Billy's post. Billy knows they probably did not get all of them, that the threatening post he made shortly after deleting his initial post probably just encouraged some of them and he fears someone said something awful and set Steve off.

Steve shakes his head, hiccupping as he tries to get words out, it takes ten minute before Steve can get the words out. "Not sad." Steve breaths out against Billy's damp neck.

"Why you crying then walnut?" Billy asks, still worried but Steve does

not sound sad, a little hoarse from crying but he does not have that flat tone that gives away when he is really sad.

“Just a little overwhelmed and touched.” Steve says dragging one of his arms from between them and showing Billy his phone, his little direct message box is open. He spies one lude offer but the other three appear to be from people in the fandom who have missed his posts and noticed his absences.

“So what I am seeing is that my plan ultimately worked and you should let me do that thing you only let me do on special occasions.” Billy says grinning as Steve tries not to smile, he really is glad Steve is making some friends in the fandom, he does not actually care for the show Steve gushes over. He definitely hopes Steve will continue to use him for sex related problems though, Billy is very on bored for that part.

“It’s so messy though.” Steve says with a whine and a laugh and Billy knows he is totally going to give in, always does when he does not outright say no.

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>